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tal, it will be twenty feet high. A Mr. Lucas is the sculptor.—A monument organized by workmen to Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning-mule, has been resolved on at Bolton, England.—Hallam, the historian, is to have a statue in St. Paul's, London.—A monument is in preparation, to be erected at St. Paul's church, Penzance (Eag.), to the memory of "Old Dolly Pentreath," who is said to be "the last person who spoke the Cornish language." Prince Lucien Buonaparte is engaged, conjointly with the vicar of the place, in the undertaking.—One of the novelties in the way of memorial art is a colossal statue of the Virgin, erected on the heights of Puy de Dôme in September last, cast from the cannon taken at Sebastopol. Ecclesiastical authority, *via* an English newspaper, states that "on September 5th, the Emperor promised to Mary the cannons of Sebastopol, and that on September 8th, Mary opened the gates of Sebastopol to the Emperor's soldiers." September 12th was the day fixed for the inauguration of the statue. "May this happy alliance," says the bishop, "between heaven and earth, between religion and authority, be drawn closer every day."—The next monument is a statue of Murillo about to be erected at Madrid. Considering the immense sums of money distributed in the countries like Italy and Spain, whose artistic treasures draw to them the idle and the wealthy, we wonder that art is not considered of more utilitarian consequence by political economists. A few statues by a "grateful people," like that in honor of Murillo, may yet produce an impression on their minds.

France has recently lost one of its most eminent artists in the painter Décamps. Alexander Gabriel Décamps was born at Paris in 1803. He was a pupil of Abel de Pujol; and is remarkable for having repudiated the conventional practice of the Academy, relying upon the inspiration of his own nature. His early pictures were often refused at exhibitions by the jury on admissions, but they found their way finally to public estimation. Décamps, like Delacroix, painted almost every class of subject. His first efforts were landscape with figures, mostly souvenirs of oriental travel—Turkish bazaars and schools, Arab halts, etc. He then painted animals, dogs, horses, asses, tortoises and chickens, in composition with various scenes, his specialty for a certain period being monkeys. He represented monkeys before a mirror, and monkeys baking, painting and criticising, two of his designs in the latter class being a trenchant satire upon the academy jury which had been severe on his performances. In historical art he produced several subjects from Scripture, "Joseph sold by his brethren," "Scenes from the life of Samson," etc; and two battle-pieces for the late Duke of Orleans. Most of Décamps' works are to be found in private collections, the state possessing none. The incontestable originality of Décamps' talent lies in his humor and certain technical characteristics—vigor of coloring, striking effect and happy rendering of the expression of the objects and personages portrayed by him. Décamps engraved many of his own compositions published in the French journal *L'Artiste*. The habits of this artist were in harmony with his tastes. He resided near the forest of Fontainebleau, in the environs of Paris, in the midst of the trees, in company with huntsmen, peasants and dogs, in fact with every being he delighted to place on his canvases. His death was in keeping with his life. On the occasion of a late periodical hunt, Décamps mounted a vicious horse that he was unable to control; the horse, standing under or near a tree, sprang forward and dashed his head against a branch, throwing him from his seat, leaving him on the ground

in a mangled condition: He survived the accident but two hours, dying on the 22d August last, deeply regretted by the profession and an appreciative public.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1860.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

MISS EMMA STEBBINS exhibits, at Goupil's gallery, three pieces of sculpture, the first examples of her talent, we believe, that have appeared before a New York public; two of the three are statuettes, representing ideal embodiments of Labor and Commerce, and the third a bust of Miss Charlotte Cushman. These marbles are especially remarkable for their execution. Miss Cushman's bust is an excellent likeness, and fully expressive of her masculine energy. "Labor" and "Commerce" are types of mankind, somewhat too refined, we think, for the coarse ideas they symbolize, a qualification not often observable in works of art. These works possess great merit, and we hope to see them followed soon by others.

On the 13th inst., the gallery of paintings belonging to the estate of Charles M. Leupp, will be sold at auction, a collection that contains many gems of native art, worthy of a place in any collection in the country, besides several fine examples of foreign art. Of the latter class we mention the animal subjects by Robbe, procured for Mr. Leupp by Mr. Clemson, our former minister at Brussels, a specimen of Ommeganck, a water-color drawing by Davidson, and one by Preziosi of a view of Constantinople, purchased by Mr. Leupp in that city. The collection is especially rich in examples of American art. Among them are "The Mountain Ford" and "Kenilworth," by Cole, both rare examples of his genius, and always coveted by amateurs: Mount's "Power of Music," (miscalled Dance of the Haymakers, in the catalogue), one of his early works, and full of the humor and character that his pictures are conspicuous for; "A Mother teaching her Child to pray," by Gray, one of his choice compositions; Allston's "Katherine and Petruccio," an early picture exhibiting the artist's power in the handling of Shakspearean character; "Facing the Enemy," "Gil Blas and the Archbishop," and "Sam Weller," by Edmonds, three of his best productions; a copy of Titian's "Duke d' Urbino," by Page; one of Leutze's fine small compositions, "Henry VIII. and Holbein," and a larger work, "Mrs. Schuyler firing the wheat field;" Inman's "Rip Van Winkle," for which Hackett sat; a fine old portrait by Stuart; a beautiful small landscape, "Scene on the Upper Mississippi," by Kensett; a "Sunset," an early work by Church; "June Shower," a study from nature, by Durand; an original miniature likeness of Henry Clay, by Linnell; a landscape, "Grotto near Amalfi," by Chapman, etc., etc. Amateurs will find this sale a rare opportunity to procure works of intrinsic merit. Most of them are works especially connected with our national development in art, such as must be referred to as historical illustrations of it. Their late lamented possessor gave his time and fortune to the cause, with a most liberal spirit, and procured these pictures of the artists at a time when they and the cause needed his disinterested and generous encouragement.

Another letter by Frère is placed in our hands, addressed to

M. Gambart, London, in which a certain picture-dealer, traveling about our country, selling Frère's works, is expressly repudiated. "I have no correspondence with any one in America, and have never made a repetition of my pictures, save three sketches in 1849 and '50, for one of my friends, who now has them." This reminds us to mention another instance of dealers' craft. Goupil & Co. possess the original picture by Frère, called "The Little Gleaner," representing the figure of a boy in profile, trudging along the road with a bundle of straw under his arm. Somehow, another "original" has been sold to a party in St. Louis, and at a price two hundred dollars in advance of that for which the genuine one can be procured. We repeat our warning to amateurs, "Look out for these picture gentry!"

The Prince of Wales is gone, and gone without an official sight of American art, or contact with artistic genius, except as reflected by the soldierly aspect of that branch of the Seventh regiment under the command of that capital miniature-painter, Capt. Shumway. The artists at the studio-building prepared an attractive exhibition for the Prince, small but select, containing in some cases the finest, and in others excellent specimens of American art, selected for the occasion; but they labored to no purpose, for the Prince could not be got in any way—not even on the wing. We are reliably informed, however, that the Prince and his suite expressed a desire to see something of American art—a natural desire, considering the culture and refinement of the party—and that on one occasion they came near doing so, being in the neighborhood of the studio-building, and with leisure to visit it; but the intelligent parties who were applied to for information as to the whereabouts of the building, not being able to direct the Prince and party to it, the Prince and suite wended their way to Barnum's. We insist upon it that artists advertise themselves liberally. Mr. Barnum states that he owes his success in life to advertising in the newspapers, and we do not see why his example should not be followed, even by artists. By advertising extensively, we are confident of the best results; by the time the next Prince of Wales visits our land, our "merchant princes," for instance, will at least be familiar enough with the cause of art to lead them to recognize it as among the honorable intellectual forces of a growing country, and invite some artist to represent the profession at a public ball. Advertising will certainly bring that about. Notwithstanding the failure of the Prince's visit to the studio-building, we are glad that he did not leave our city without seeing *something* of American artistic effort. The Prince visited the Cooper Institute, and if he had eyes to see, he could not help but see that group in the reading-room, "presented by an amateur," representing a male figure called Washington, and a female figure, Mrs. Liberty, perhaps, who always suggests to us, in her *dishabille*, an imaginary child, say "young America," in some remote chamber of the Institute, crying lustily for its morning sustenance. When this group was first placed in the Institute, it was covered up. It stood there, veiled in a mysterious envelope for a long time. The girls in the School of Design used to dance round it, like Greek maidens at an Eleusinian festival. Why it was uncovered, we know not. All we know is that there are no more dances about it, since the veil dropped, and that it is almost the only work of native art that greeted the sight of the Prince of Wales.

A WELL-DESERVED compliment was paid to Col. James Lee, at a meeting of the Historical Society a few evenings since, by con-

stituting him a life-member of that institution, on account of his agency in providing us with the noble equestrian statue of Washington on Union Place. Col. Lee started the project, showed he was in earnest by contributing his own money, and then set about obtaining subscriptions from forty-nine others as liberal as himself, only less willing to work out the details of its management. The result is the monument before us, not only a fine work of art to admire, but one more demonstration added to countless others, that all good things are due to individual energy rather than to the conglomerate action of committees. It is for this labor of love that the Historical Society has made Col. Lee a life member, to show some public appreciation of his patriotic spirit. J. W. Gerard, Esq. proposed the resolution, and enforced it with his usual eloquence.

ABOUT fifty of the applicants for admission, this season, to the School of Design for women, in the Cooper Union, have not made their appearance. There are that number of vacancies. The school is now in full operation. Those who wish to avail themselves of the vacancies should apply early.

THE Review Exhibition at the National Academy of Design reported two months ago by us to come off this fall, is indefinitely postponed. There will be an exhibition in its place, however, got up for the benefit of the Artist's Fund Society, ending with an auction sale.

ABOUT the first of November, Mr. Gambart will open in New York his third collection of pictures. The distinguished artists of the French school will be represented; Gerome, Knauss, Muller, Frère, and Rosa Bonheur, particularly, will contribute important works. The exhibition will be under the charge of Monsieur Surville, a Parisian, who is an artist, and intimately acquainted with the leading artists in France. The French artists are gratified that M. Surville goes to New York, as they well know that he is competent to protect their interests.

Dubuffe's "Adam and Eve" will be shortly exhibited at Goupil's Gallery. The originals of these works, painted thirty-two years ago, when the artist was a very young man, and which were exhibited many years ago through the United States, were destroyed by fire; these pictures have been painted within a few years for the purpose of engraving, and are considered in Europe as worthy of the artist's prime. They have been engraved by Ryall.

THE "Chicago Record" gives us a late and interesting summary of the doings of our artists in Italy:

FLORENCE, August 17, 1860.

After a long silence, I send you an artist's greeting from this fairest of Italia's cities, where I have been sojourning since my departure from Paris, endeavoring to avail myself of the manifold advantages to be gained by the earnest searcher after artistic knowledge. It is unnecessary for me to speak of the richness of the treasures contained in the galleries of the Uffizi or Pitti palaces, or of the loveliness of the landscapes which surround Florence, for you are familiar with them all. From early spring I have been busily engaged upon sketches obtained within sight of the dome of the Cathedral—a field from which much has been selected by artists of our own and other countries, but its beauties are still the same—ever fresh and inexhaustible.

Perhaps it would be most interesting to you to learn something of the members of the "fraternity" at present residing here. I often visit Powers' studio, and between the many beautiful works there exhibited, and the affability of the artist, I always go away pleased. He is now in the full enjoyment of the appreciation of his genius by the world in general, although his reputation has somewhat suffered

through some of his late works. It is not my province to speak of the merits or demerits of the Webster so severely criticised by the Bostonians. As the "God-like Daniel" was their idol, an artist must needs produce a form approaching the supernatural before it can be accepted as resembling the original. There was a time when Powers stood preëminent among our American sculptors; but since the works of Crawford, Rogers, and many others, have gone forth into the world, he has been forced to look well to his laurels. He has made a host of copies of the Proserpine and Fisher Boy, for parties both at home and abroad. Among his more recent works, his America and California deserve the most attention. I believe it is generally acknowledged that he has no superior in portrait busts. Some of his latest are marvels, in finish and truthfulness.

The elder Hart has not yet returned from America, whither he went to be present at the inauguration of his statue of Clay, at New Orleans.

Robert Hart is now engaged upon a bust of Theodore Parker, who, you are aware, died here in May last. He was fortunate in obtaining a cast of his face after death. I sincerely hope that the numerous admirers of Parker will give the artist a liberal commission, for he is certainly deserving. He has recently finished a successful bust of Miss Chapman, of Boston, a lady of much talent, who is at present here preparing herself for the stage. Other works in progress promise much toward establishing his reputation.

Galt returns to America soon with his statue of Jefferson, the commission for which was given him by the University of Virginia. The drapery was modelled after the clothes last worn by Jefferson; and in this particular, the statue will be quite different from all others of the distinguished man. \$10,000 goes into the pocket of the artist for this work. Surely American sculptors ought not to complain. Galt has recently invented a very simple and efficacious little instrument for taking the exact modelling of a bust, which he with liberality proposes to give to such as wish to use it.

A few words about the brothers of the brush: Gould has recently finished a carefully wrought Turkish scene, which I think will please the most fastidious Pre-Raphaelite. He is now at the baths of Lucca, for the benefit of his health.

Vedder's studio contains much that is interesting, both in the department of landscape and figures. At the late exhibition of the *Belli Arti*, he was among the few fortunate who were able to dispose of his works at good prices. He has extraordinary talent for color and composition, and I predict for him a successful future.

Hotchkiss is now in Switzerland, but returns to Florence in September. During the summer, he has made many faithful studies of subjects found in this vicinity.

Waugh is making rapid advancement. He has recently forwarded to Cincinnati and Rock Island several Swiss and Italian landscapes, which will not fail to attract attention.

I must not forget to mention Green, a young English artist, who goes to America in the ensuing spring, to remain permanently. He is a scholar of Couture, and his works possess much of the power of the French school. He has a large canvas upon the easel entitled, "Fortune distributing her gifts," which promises to be a production of no ordinary merit.

Vedder, Waugh, Green, and myself, have recently spent a few weeks at Volterra, a curious old town of the middle ages, where we found numerous subjects for the pencil, both in the landscapes of the neighborhood and the picturesque costumes of the people. It is the site of the ancient Etruscan city of the same name; and many relics of its former importance remain—walls, gates, tombs, etc.

I have just returned from a hasty visit to Rome and Naples—a journey which my friends considered attended by considerable risk, in the present turbulent times, but an American passport seems to be respected wherever it is taken.

At Rome, I met with a very kind reception by the artists that are at present in the city. I found Rogers busily engaged upon the

remaining figures for the Washington monument at Richmond. His studio is filled with many works in progress, which show the power of the artist. He goes to Munich shortly, to superintend the casting of the doors of the Capitol—which work will, I venture to say, produce a sensation when it reaches its destination, for it is of the highest rank.

Rinehart is modelling a figure full of beauty and grace, entitled the "Woman of Samaria." His portrait busts of some of our distinguished countrymen are among the best produced by any sculptor.

The studio of the lamented Crawford still remains open, for the completion of many of his unfinished works.

Mosier, Page, and Miss Hosmer, are on a visit to America. Story, Freeman, and Mrs. Crawford, have gone to Sienna, where they are to be joined by the Brownings, and Walter Savage Landor, from Florence.

I have had the pleasure of looking over a collection of paintings at Freeman's studio, made up of the sketches and finished works of American and other painters residing at Rome, which he is about sending to New York, for sale. There are many of Freeman's own pictures among them.

All lovers of the beautiful will be gratified at visiting the studio of Williams. In the combination of landscape and figures, I consider him unsurpassed. It gives me pleasure to know that some of the wealthy citizens of Chicago, who were in Rome last winter, have given him liberal commissions. He is now sketching amidst the lovely scenery of the Island of Capri.

THE CENTRAL PARK.

WE have before us the third annual report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, containing full details of the progress of this beautiful and useful public undertaking. Statements are made in regard to the roads, bridges, walks, buildings, drainage, legislative enactments, principles of business and policy, management, discipline and expenses, in such a way as to gratify the most scrutinizing eye, as might be expected from so excellent a board of managers. We care but little for these statements. The work speaks for itself, and the people speak for it, high and low, rich and poor. The Central Park, like every true work of art, shows that the means employed to produce its beauty are in adequate relation to that end; the result is such that an artistic eye needs no report to demonstrate, honesty, taste and capacity on the part of its officers and commissioners. If we had any doubt ourselves, it would disappear before the verdict of professional engineers who have commented on the works in progress in our hearing. There is one feature of the report that we copy in order to make a suggestion in connection with it. The report says the commissioners have granted permission to erect one statue, the gift of a gentleman of this city, and adds that "It is fit that the virtues of heroes and statesmen, whose fame is the common heritage of the country, should, in this crowning work of its metropolis, find appropriate commemoration." All very well. Our suggestion relates to the practical enforcement of this sentiment. We would subject it to some prudent restriction like that which regulates the beatification of saints in the Catholic church, particularly since a statue has become, in these days, the commemorative substitute for the old system of canonization. The church never installs a saint until a long time after his or her death. If we are not mistaken, fifty years must elapse between the nomination of the individual and the last official act of canonization. We would suggest the same rule in relation to candidates for monumental honor in the Central Park—to admit no statue into the Park of any "hero or

statesman" who has not been dead fifty years. In this interval his claims to the honor would be fully established, and there would be room for his statue in the Park, which is not likely to be the case if all the contemporary admirers of "heroes and statesmen" have the privilege of handing down the subjects of their admiration to posterity.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

Our readers will recollect the brilliant and genial celebration of the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth-day at the Century Club in this city, last April, of which we, as well as other editors in this country, gave some account. It was also described or noticed in several of the literary journals of Great Britain, with much cordial and sympathetic feeling.

Through the kindness of a friend, we have now the pleasure of presenting to our readers a letter on the same subject, from Mrs. Cowden Clarke, a lady otherwise distinguished by literary talent, but whose admirable, laborious, and faithful "Concordance to Shakspeare" has earned her the gratitude of all lovers of Shakspeare, and indeed, of all students of the English language and its literature.

It will be read with great pleasure by all who shared or who took an interest in that delightful and intellectual festival of the 22d April, 1860, and must afford much gratification to the three gentlemen specially named by Mrs. Clarke.

"MAISON QUAGLIA, AU PORT, NICE MARITIME, Sept. 19, 1860.

"SIR: Accept my sincere thanks for your obliging communication of the 26th April, which has just reached me here. The programme it contained of the festival of our revered Shakspeare, commemorating the 296th anniversary of his birth, interests me exceedingly; the more so, from its showing me that there were present on that occasion three gentlemen known to me by fame, Mr. G. C. Verplanck, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, and Mr. R. G. White. Those annotations of the first-named editor that I have met with, quoted only, serve to make me desirous of becoming acquainted with *all* he has written on the subject; the excellent edition of Mr. Hudson was obligingly sent me by his Boston publishers; and I had the pleasure of a letter and a presentation copy of "Shakspeare's Scholar" from Mr. Grant White. Therefore, you perceive I may, to a certain extent, claim the honor of an acquaintance with all three.

"I may venture to request that you will present my compliments to those gentlemen when you are in communication with them, and express my thanks for their several labors on behalf of our universally idolized poet, to whom we owe so extended a kinship in kindly feeling and regard.

"With repeated acknowledgments of your courtesies, believe me to be,

"Sir, yours faithfully and obliged,

"MARY COWDEN CLARKE."

J. M. S. —, Esq.

LETTERS BY WASHINGTON.

(Hitherto unpublished.)

[We are indebted to a friend for the following letters by Washington, copied from the originals in the possession of Frederick Locker, Esq., of London, who courteously permitted him to make them. We believe them to be as yet unpublished. The letters form part of a correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Boucher, once rector at Annapolis, in this country, and subsequently at Epsom, in England, and the author of a work alluded to in one of the letters below. The correspondence is now in the possession of Mr. Locker, a maternal grandson of the Rev. Mr. Boucher. As every relic of Washington

is of the highest interest, we would suggest that some of our historical societies obtain copies of the entire series, which, we are assured, can be easily procured.]

MOUNT VERNON, Dec'r 16, 1770.

Rev'd Sir:

According to appointment Jackey Custis returns to Annapolis. His mind a good deal relaxed from study and more than ever turned to Dogs, Horses and Guns; indeed upon Dress and equipage, which till of late he has discovered little Inclination of going into. I must beg the favour of you, therefore, to keep him close to those useful branches of Learning which he ought now to be acquainted with, as much as possible, under your own eye—without these I fear he will too soon think himself above controul, and be not much the better for the extraordinary expence attending his Living in Annapolis, which I should be exceeding sorry for, as nothing but a hasty progress towards the completion of his Education, can justify my keeping him there at such an expence as his Estate will now become chargeable with.

The time of Life he is now advancing into requires the most friendly aid and Council (especially in such a place as Annapolis); otherwise, the warinth of his own Passions, assisted by the bad example of other Youth, may prompt him to Actions derogatory of Virtue, and that Innocence of Manners which one could wish to preserve him in: For w^{ch} reason I would beg leave to request, that, he may not be suffered to sleep from under your own Roof, unless it be at such places as you are sure he can have no bad examples set him; nor allow him to be rambling about at Nights in Company with those, who do not care how debauched and vicious his Conduct may be.

You will be so good, I hope, as to excuse the liberty I have taken in offering my Sentiments thus freely. I have his well-being much at Heart, and should be sorry to see him fall into any Vice, or evil course, which there is a possibility of restraining him from. With very great esteem, I remain,

Rev'd Sir,

Y^r most H^{ble} Serv^t,

G^o WASHINGTON.

The Rev'd Mr. BOUCHER, Annapolis.

MOUNT VERNON, 15th August, 1798.

Rev'd Sir:

I know not how it has happened, but the fact is, that your favour of the 8th of Nov^r, last year, is but just received; and at a time when both public and private business pressed so hard upon me, as to afford no leisure to give the "View of the causes and consequences of the American Revolution" written by you, and which you had been pleased to send me, a perusal.

For the honor of its Dedication, and for the friendly and favourable sentim^{ts} which are therein expressed, I pray you to accept my acknowledgment and thanks.

Not having read the Book, it follows, of course, that I can express no opinion with respect to its Political contents; but I can venture to assert beforehand and with confidence, that there is no man in either country, more zealously devoted to peace and a good understanding between the two Nations than I am. Nor one who is more disposed to bury in oblivion all animosities which have subsisted between them and the Individuals of each.

Peace with all the world is my sincere wish. I am sure it is our true policy—and am persuaded it is the ardent desire of the Government.

But there is a Nation whose intermeddling and restless dispo-

sition, and attempts to divide, distract and influence the measures of other Countries, that will not suffer us, I fear, to enjoy this blessing long, unless we will yield to them our Rights, and submit to greater injuries and insults than we have already sustained, to avoid the calamities resulting from War.

What will be the consequences of our Arming for self defence, that Providence, who permits these doings in the Disturbers of Mankind, and who rules and Governs all things, alone can tell. To its all powerful decrees we must submit, whilst we hope that the justice of our Cause, if War must ensue, will entitle us to its protection. With sentiments of respect, I am,

Rev'd Sir, Your Most Obedient Servant,

G^o WASHINGTON.

The Rev'd Mr. BOUCHER.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE EARLY EDUCATION OF THE ARTISTICALLY ENDOWED.

(From the Builder).

MANY pens are already at work in the endeavor to conduce to the enrichment and elucidation of art and science; and, in venturing myself to add a few words on this subject, I do so solely from a desire to aid the removal and suppression of some peculiarities, but too prevalent, in the present mode of writing on art. My chief object at the present time, is to direct attention to early artistic education; and, by unfolding my views and mode of conception, to suggest that help which seems most needful. Every true artist will agree with me, that the fundamental, and consequently most important, step in artistic education is the training of the eye into harmony with the development of the mind. It is an old story, yet always new, that the labor of thinking is indispensable in the life of all classes of men; and with regard to artistic studies, which are intimately related to observation and reflection, it is surely of the utmost indispensability, that, from the commencement, mind and eye should be educated together. Indeed, it is this precise education which so completely distinguishes and elevates every genuine artist. This every day world he regards from an entirely different point of view, recognizing in nature a multitude of charms, and discovering in her inexhaustible treasures of a purer knowledge, which from others are forever hidden. It is his constant habit of uniting seeing with thinking, which endows him with the power of understanding aright, where an undisciplined eye perceives nothing save hieroglyphics.

Now, in suggesting the means of procuring such an education, first I would state, that I entirely agree with those of my fellow-artists, who condemn the practice of constant mechanical copying, and endeavor rather to lead the students intrusted to their care, as early as possible, to the only original source and productive fountain—*Nature*.

Drawing from the object itself, instead of from copies, necessarily compels the student to think, and in a short time imparts to him a power of perception utterly unattainable by any other method. The student's attention should also at once be directed to the fact that, prior to any attempt to delineate, and in order to give anything like an adequate representation of the object placed before him, it is absolutely imperative, closely to observe and to examine every object *as a whole*, that is, in its general appearance, and therefore necessarily, at the same time, to observe also all those parts of which this appearance is composed. This examination must be sufficiently prolonged, so as to allow the mind a fair opportunity

to seize and retain accurate impressions of both form and color. By a discipline, as here described, every line, every touch, becomes replete with character, and tells its own story, whereas every other method is not only inferior, but, in point of fact, pernicious in influence, and conduces to a style of drawing which, being altogether deficient in character, is utterly worthless. However, in this drawing from nature, clearly, some preparatory study is needful, which should advance and keep pace along with it; for when the seed, which the teacher sows, does not fall into well prepared soil, and is not quickened by the aid of rain and sunshine, the prospect of an abundant harvest is more than doubtful.

Now this preparatory study—the *science of seeing*—commonly called *perspective*, is the only true guide that will insure real competency to represent faithfully the varieties of appearances, presented by natural objects, in accordance with their retrogression from the eye. The image of every object in nature upon which the eye can rest is exquisitely, in form and color, impressed upon that most delicate membrane (which lines the interior of our chamber of vision), according to the unchangeable laws of the *perspective of nature*. In truth, this latter is the magic key that opens to the student the entrance to the mysteries of his art, and the supposition that any artist can dispense with it, will prove itself, without doubt, a fatal error. The student who attempts to draw from nature without being guided by perspective will often find himself in fault, and much retarded by the expenditure of precious time: dreading ever of falling into fresh error, he will not so expeditiously and certainly attain the faculty of reproducing nature on the canvas, with truth and feeling, as he might have done, had he only had the right guidance from the beginning.

Perspective—the science of seeing—must, as already told, be taught in *progressive connection with the close observation of nature*; and, in that case, I have no hesitation in saying, that the acquiring of its knowledge will be found in nowise a difficult matter. The instructor should also possess a taste and knowledge, sufficient to enable him to avoid everything strictly mathematical, and to reduce the whole to simple principles, in which case the student cannot fail, at length, to arrive at the conclusion, that what is current under the name “*Perspective*” is, in fact, nothing but a most requisite accessory in art—namely, the *power of seeing accurately*.

Nevertheless, no one can be more fully aware than I, of the number of scruples and difficulties to be overcome, ere pupils can be incited to the study of perspective, especially when taught in that irrational manner so generally adopted. Too many mathematical subtleties are apt to alarm beginners, and fill them with a natural aversion, which deters them from penetrating through the shell to the sound and healthy kernel.

With the avowed object of naturalizing perspective, numbers of books have been written, and are continually appearing, though the result, I feel sure, is entirely different from that intended. For example, how repelling to the beginner, and perfectly ridiculous to the artist, if he sees that simply to draw a chair, box, etc., etc., he has to penetrate such an alarmingly intricate web of lines, before he can, and then only with difficulty, observe the required object itself. Moreover, some of the laws of the so-called perspective, given in the majority of books, are entirely opposed to those laws, which the only true *perspective of nature dictates*. But more of this in its proper place. No critique, I feel sure, can be too point-blank,

in order to combat effectively this thoughtless fashion of needlessly perplexing the learner. Another impediment, and increasing the difficulties of inciting some pupils to study perspective, is the damaging circumstance, that even leading writers on art have treated it with such comparative indifference; although, of course, they are themselves fully aware of its true import, in a fundamental point of view, and only solicitous that learners should avoid giving it undue weight, in a way that would be derogatory to other studies. It is this comparative indifference on the subject, indulged in by some writers, which has given rise to the absurd—and for the idle, welcome—notion, that perspective is without any substantial value whatever. No real artist will be at all likely to misapprehend the true significance of this apparent slight cast upon perspective by some writers, or be in the smallest degree disconcerted thereby; but, unfortunately, the multitude, amongst whom might be named, especially, those who possess a singular dexterity in devouring voluptuously the contents of a multiplicity of books, but, strange to say, familiarizing themselves only with the crust, while incapable of piercing to the innermost substratum;—this multitude, I say, is only too apt to follow, blindly, the writers of the most notoriety; and no sooner is anything asserted by them, than the former, parrot-like, chatter it glibly forth, all the while lacking the requisite powers of scrutiny, yet possessing a singular proneness for talking, plausibly and speciously, of subjects they do not understand.

Lastly, in concluding these remarks, I take it for granted no real artist will accuse me of depreciating other studies out of regard for perspective. Knowing well that undue prominence given to one branch of study would most surely prove obstructive to the student, and fully convinced of the truth,—

“Where fashion throws her chain,
True art can ne’er remain;”

nevertheless, I recommend the study of perspective, founded on the intimate observation of Nature, from the first, as an absolutely necessary, sure, and faithful guide for every student of art. It must be taught and practised early, otherwise the eye falls into a loose and imperfect habit of study. In such a case it is then only with the greatest difficulty—if at all—that the student can rectify such unprofitable and pernicious groundwork. But even to—so-called—artists, who have neglected perspective in former years, I would earnestly recommend the culture of perspective simultaneously with their other studies. I admonish them to reflect that, seeing the last step has been only a retreat, the return to a former position will become a real advance. The foundation of all real improvement, is the recognition of an evil.

A. LE-VENGEUR.

OBITUARY.

REMBRANDT PEALE.—This venerable patriarch among American artists died in Philadelphia, on the third of October, in the eighty-third year of his age. Mr. Peale, the second son of Charles Wilson Peale, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1778. He commenced drawing at the early age of eight years, entering upon a professional career as portrait painter in 1796, in the city of Charleston, S. C. In 1801, he went to England to study under the direction of Mr. West, returning home in 1804. Three years afterward he visited Paris, where he painted many portraits of distinguished Frenchmen, and received offers of employment by the French government,

which offers he declined, returning to Philadelphia in 1809. At this period he entered upon the department of historical art, by painting the picture of the “Roman Daughter,” a composition of great merit; and subsequently produced his chief work, an immense canvas, entitled, “The Court of Death,” also a work of conspicuous merit. Since the production of these paintings, Mr. Peale employed himself in painting portraits up to the day of his death, one of his latest being a portrait of his friend and brother artist, Sully. His most important work in the department of portraiture is a portrait of Washington, the studies for which he made from life when quite young. Mr. Peale has repeated this portrait upward of seventy times. In addition to this head, there are other original portraits of distinguished men by him, two of which—Jefferson and Priestley, in the Bryan collection, in this city—are works of leading excellence.

Besides pursuing his artistic labors, Mr. Peale gave considerable time to labors of the pen, especially to literary efforts relating to his profession. He published a record of European life and study, a small work entitled “Graphics,” relating to elementary drawing, and leaves behind him the manuscript of a work setting forth the experience of the studio, containing the valuable result of experiments made during a long life in the technical branches of his profession. To these may be added sundry lectures, particularly that on the Washington portraits, lately read before large audiences in our principal cities, and papers of various interest, containing reminiscences of the past, most of which papers our readers have perused in the columns of our periodical. Besides time devoted to professional duties, Mr. Peale gave time and thought to matters of common utility. He inherited the ingenuity of his father, and was an adept in mechanics. Baltimore owes to him its first gas-light, as recorded by Dunlap.

We have hastily thrown together the few leading points in Mr. Peale's life and professional practice that we are familiar with. Of the details of his life and character, it scarcely becomes us to speak here. We have only known him as a valued friend since the publication of our first number, he having generously aided our struggling enterprise with the series of highly interesting and important historical contributions above referred to. His erect, venerable form, and benignant expression, never appeared before us without exciting feelings of admiration and respect, mingled with pride at the sight of an artist in all the sunset splendor of age, representing such a healthy, natural, and vigorous embodiment of human faculties. In the words of our former associate, Mr. Stillman, “It was worth much to see how by him the true-artist life keeps unchanged the harmony of spirit and youthfulness of feeling, which material cares and selfish pursuits so soon destroy. He came in upon our daily routine of business like a lost poem of old re-found, bursting out of its obscurity in the freshness and joyousness of its new completion.”

CHARLES FRASER.—Mr. Fraser, an eminent and highly esteemed artist at the South, was a native of Charleston, S. C., in which place he died on the 5th ultimo. He began life as a lawyer, and practised some years, finally abandoning that pursuit for art, for which he had a taste from infancy. He painted portraits in miniature with much success, his works being fine examples in that branch of art, and of late years several landscapes that are highly commended. Mr. Fraser was the instructor of Sully, and the friend and companion of Malbone and Allston; he was universally esteemed by the community in

which he lived, and is held in high respect by the profession at large.

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PENMANSHIP.—Great is the difference between the clerly penmanship in the body of ancient deeds and the rough, rude, and often illegible signs of those famous men of the sword whose functions in the middle ages were so much in demand; and it may be remarked that in those days when the circumstance of having a pen in hand must have been a remarkable event in the lives of the great mass of the community, the penmanship of the few learned clerks was noticeable for its beauty, and also for its correspondence, to some extent, with the contemporary style of architecture.

The effect of the introduction of Italian architecture may be traced both in manuscripts and books. Many of the specimens of the handwriting of Queen Elizabeth are singularly beautiful, and show much variety. There is the small Italian hand, which was used when writing, as princess, to her dear cousin and king, Edward VI., and on other complimentary occasions; a more vigorous style for state purposes; and a very large hand, which combined the Gothic with the Italian, which "Good Queen Bess" used when she threatened to unfrock a bishop.

Looking at ancient documents of a time when being obliged to resort to the use of a cross for a signature was not considered disgraceful, even to the nobility, it is curious to notice the great variety of the crosses, and the different degrees of artistic skill which are shown in them. As the practice of writing became more general, the use of the cross became less so; and, although many could not write their entire name, they managed to sign with a letter, or a peculiar form or flourish which had some resemblance to one.

In a collection of autographs of the relatives of Shakspeare, published by Mr. Halliwell, a great variety is shown. Agnes Arden's signature resembles the letter U, such as would be made by a school-boy who had just got out of his "pot-hooks." John Shakspeare signs with sword-like cross, so firmly and vigorously marked, that one can fancy, if opportunities had offered, that this hand might have been cultivated into that of the skilled draughtsman. Others of those signs are crosses surmounted by circles, and some show imperfect attempts at regular signatures.

Remembering the systems of book-keeping and accounts which are now required for successful trade, it is difficult to understand how business, to any extent, could then have been carried on. Tallies kept by notched sticks, with certain hieroglyphics for the different goods, were much used instead of books; and no doubt those instruments were produced by many of the traders of London and elsewhere, with as much gravity as a regular bill at the present day.*

In the reign of George III., when education had become more general, the crosses of those who could not write, lost the distinction and artistic character of older times, and the large, bold, round hand corresponds in style with the buildings and furniture then in use. This writing, although without much beauty, has, notwithstanding, the merit of distinctness. In these railway times, with the exception of book-keepers in banks, and clerks in merchants' offices, few seem to have time to trim their letters. Few artists write a good hand. Physicians' prescriptions are often as difficult to decipher as ancient hieroglyphics; and it must be confessed that writers for the press are not generally remarkable for either the distinctness or beauty of their manuscript. As regards artists, the practice of handling the brush and pencil is not favorable to graceful penmanship; and in respect of the literary profession, it is generally difficult for the pen to keep pace with the thoughts, to say nothing of the fact, that time often presses.

* At the beginning of the present century, in the case of a disputed account, in a town in the north of England, the door upon which the account had been kept with chalk, was produced in court.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[From the *Atlantic Monthly* for September.]

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—♦—

WE are perpetually hearing of the inspiration, rather than the cultivation of genius; and that the merit of a painting, rather than the misfortune of the painter, consists in his being self-taught. The only excuse that can be made for so glaring a misuse of language is, that it may serve the purpose of exciting in the vulgar mind higher notions of the influence of intellectual power. The constant labor and concentrated application which marked the lives of the most eminent painters, prove that immediate inspiration had little to do with the work of their hands. Indeed, I know not what inspiration is, with regard to the fine arts; unless it be the first moving spring of action—the desire—the thirst of excellence, obtained at any cost, which operates upon the talent and the will, prompting the one to seek, and the other to submit to, all the laborious, irksome and difficult means which are necessary for the attainment of excellence.—*S. Stickney.*